

ROMANCE OF ACADIA

Evangeline West was riding on an errand of grave import...

The young woman was home again after several years of absence...

"Oh," cried the girl longing to hear a human voice...

"At your service," said a strong masculine voice at her ear...

"Peter Grant at your service," he said, touching his hat stiffly...

"He knows how to ride a horse if he is a minister," thought Evangeline...

Then she urged her horse forward, for she, too, was going to see a sick woman...

"Oh," she cried in sudden alarm "can it be possible that Aunt Magie is the very sick woman..."

Women with outworn brows and nasal tones sang the words in a word discord...

"Don't you see that she is far too ill for this sort of thing?" All leave the room please...

"She should be permitted to make her peace with God," the Rev Peter Grant spoke...

"She never had any falling out with Him," Evangeline said reverently...

"He has given her up," said one of the retreating women...

"Given her up! How dared he? And why do you speak of such a possibility before her?"

"Oh, she doesn't sense anything that is said now," complained one of the cronies...

The preacher took himself off with the others, but he gained a reluctant consent to call the next day...

"I have telegraphed for ice and a modern doctor, and she is drinking cool spring water..."

"And may I not see her again?" "Oh, yes. You may come and preach the gospel of cheerfulness..."

And Evangeline gave her would-be Gabriel a wicked little smile...

Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CASE OF WAGNER W. CLAM.

Wagner Waterbury Clam had few points that recommended him to outside favor...

Eldest son of a packer in a western state, he came to Monte Carlo with a pocketful of "greenbacks"...

Little more than five feet in height, he had no figure to speak of...

His valet, whom he had picked up in Paris because in addition to being a good servant, he understood motor cars...

He was rather disappointed with his reception in that particular hotel...

It would serve no useful purpose to record in detail the modified triumphs of Wagner Waterbury Clam...

She moved away with a very slight bow and W. Clam remained where he was for five minutes...

He played heavily and boastfully and his winnings were always in excess of his losses...

The local papers of the Littoral gave much space to his achievements, and copies were sent to the far west...

"Down to that afternoon he had lost on six consecutive days. He hated being beaten partly because he was very fond of money..."

"But, your highness—" began the maid, speaking like her mistress...

"Hush, Marie! How often am I to tell you that I wish to preserve my incognito here?"

Fortune favors the brave, and success is for the men and women who can push when occasion offers...

W. W. Clam rose quickly and seized it as soon as he had given one quick glance round to be sure the coast was clear...

He took quick steps to the side of the unknown, and with a profound bow, asked leave to return what she had left on the seat...

"I thank you, sir," she said, quite distinctly, and then said that he was handing her the card case with tell...

tale titles full to view. Her face became very troubled.

"I fear, sir, you must have seen my name," she said, pressing a tiny handkerchief for her lips...

"Madame," said W. W. Clam, bowing low, "your secret is as safe with me as if it had never been spoken..."

"I think I know you by sight," she said, graciously. "Are you not the young millionaire from the States who troubles the bank and makes such good records down there?"

"I am Wagner Waterbury Clam, madame," he said bowing once more. "Very much at your service, now and at all times."

"You are very kind," she said, simply, and, bowing turned away. But this action did not suit her new acquaintance.

"I trust, madame," he said, reverting in his intense emotion to a purely western accent that was less melodious than a peacock's call...

"She turned again. 'I fear, sir,' she said simply 'that to say yes to your request would be to defy conventions more than ever...'"

She moved away with a very slight bow and W. Clam remained where he was for five minutes...

He played heavily and boastfully and his winnings were always in excess of his losses when he came to balance the books...

"I wonder," she said, "why you do not make a big attempt to break a bank?"

"I'll try," said the enamored little man, who loved praise even when it was delicately administered...

"Don't try in the evening at all," she said, "try in the afternoon, and stop at 5 o'clock..."

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wrapped himself in the heavy fur coat. "Pardon, but I do not know it," said the valet...

"Hang it all!" said W. W. Clam; "afraid I can't. Run and fetch the servant, he'll direct us."

It was late afternoon, the cool air was very comforting after the heat and glare of the Casino...

Another man in livery was standing by the edge of the little wood that started at the end of the lane...

W. W. Clam saw that the man who came towards them had a grey beard and the traditional aspect of the old retainers...

Before he could struggle, his loose fur coat was removed, his hands were tied behind his back...

Wagner Waterbury Clam could not see what followed and it is as well, the gray-bearded retainers removed their hats and wigs...

Then long strips of white polished wood were produced from the same log bundle that lay in the dry ditch...

"I don't like to have that terrible red suit," responded the valet irritably. "I cut it on the others at the hotel into ribbons..."

"Be quick then," said the elder man, indignantly, and Alphonse took out a pair of scissors and sliced the offending garments...

"Now," he whispered to his prostrate master, "I'm going to uncover your mouth to give you a drink. Shout and you die..."

"This way!" cried Alphonse, and they carried their victim to the wood and laid him in his thick fur cloak.

"Listen," he added, as he drew the glittering rings off those square fingers, "there was something in the corner you will go to sleep for some hours—perhaps, till morning..."

W. W. Clam was found next morning by laborers on their way to the olive plantation, and left Monte Carlo on the following day...

A favorite game among Japanese children is what is known as the "game of scents."

At entertainments corresponding to our Christmas parties various pastilles are burned and the youthful guests are asked to give a name to the different kinds.

A variation of the game is to sprinkle handkerchiefs with perfume and make the children say what each perfume is. A more popular version of the game of scents would be the "game of tastes."

"Don't you boys and girls thing so? Think what fun it would be for us to be requested to sample a large assortment of sweetmeats and cakes and to give each its proper name."

If Women Knew. If women knew that all men are alike there would be no marriage. If men knew that that all women are alike there would be no bigamy.—Puck.

CASTLE, WITH SECRET

Near the border of two Scottish counties, set in the middle of a broad and fertile strath...

Although the oldest wing dates from the thirteenth century, the greater part of it was built in Jacobean days...

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RUSSIA RULES BY THE SNOW.

By the Sledge Alone She Owes Advance to the East. The world has moved so quickly of late that it is difficult to realize that a century ago Russia occupied the first place among European countries...

The facilities for traveling and for the conveyance of goods provided by the sledge—then the easiest of all modes of transport by land—gave Russia for half the year as great a physical advantage over most other Continental countries...

Visitors to Moscow a century ago recorded their amazement at finding when dining with wealthy nobles in mid-winter fresh fruit and vegetables that had been brought by rapid sledge transport from the south...

To the sledge road alone Russia owed the possibility of her rapid advance to the East. In which her empire had increased at the average rate of a little over eighty kilometers a day since the reign of Peter the Great.

The Russians gliding eastward over the snow won their grand empire of Northern and Eastern Asia just as the Anglo-Saxons, ploughing their way westward through the ocean won theirs on the other side of the Atlantic...

In his reminiscences Henry Villard tells of Horace Greeley's visit to Colorado. He and a companion went in one of the express stages and had met with a singular and perilous accident...

In the Sable de Lou he patronized roulette and as is so often the case with men who have no system and a lot of money, he seldom rose from the table a loser...

He played heavily and boastfully and his winnings were always in excess of his losses when he came to balance the books...

The local papers of the Littoral gave much space to his achievements, and copies were sent to the far west...

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Both in Mostar, the capital of Bosnia, and in Sarajevo, the capital of Herzegovina, the attention of the traveler is arrested at every turn by the varied costumes of the natives...

When a Dyak of Borneo makes love he helps the girl in the hardest portion of her daily toil. If she smiles upon him, no matter how sweetly, he does not immediately respond...

Next morning, while he was still in bed, a note was brought him from his host's lawyer, who was staying in the castle. It inclosed a check, and briefly informed him that his services were no longer required...

After starving himself for almost two weeks because his mate had been taken away, a lion at the zoological headquarters at St. Louis died. A live sheep was recently placed in the cage and bleated in terror...

One effect of the acquisition of the new insular possessions of the United States is shown in the enormous increase in the sugar trade. In the last fiscal year we imported more than 5,000,000,000 pounds of the commodity...

In every Korean village there is one, and in every Korean city there are several, appointed listeners. These spies, called by the Koreans "messengers on the dark path," inform the king of everything that happens. Not a word is said about the king without reaching his ears.